THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 22, 1808.

Account of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa; performed by his Majesty's Sloop Favourite, in the Year 1805.

(Continued from Page 135.)

OCTOBER the 19th. We took our departure from Madeira, leaving our commodore behind, and having in company our convoy. On the 21st we made Teneriffe, S. W. ½ S. distant about 35 leagues; at twelve o'clock, the Peak bore S. W. ½ S. distant 25 leagues: its ancient name was Teyde, and it is in the centre of the island. At sun-set, Palma bore W. ½ S. distant 15 leagues; and Teneriffe S. W. by S. The 22d, we gave chace to a vessel, which proved to be the Tigress East Indiaman, who had lost her consort. In the afternoon, a privateer came amongst our convoy, to which we gave chace, and fired several broadsides at her: she got under the land, but we did not give over the chace until dark; when we sent our second lieutenant on board the Anderson schooner with twenty men, but they could not come up with her. It unfortunately happened, that the schooner was without shot to fit her guns; she therefore loaded them up to the muzzles with broken glass, &c. they chaced her until dark, when she escaped. All our men were now busily employed in preparing for crossing the line, by making masks, and other accoutrements, for the burlesque ceremony which takes place on that occasion.

We were at this time in lat. 38° 27′ N. and close under the land, the Peake of Teneriffe bearing W. ½ N. Doctor Heberden calculates it to be 15,000 feet above the surface of the sea; its different names are Teneriffe, Tenerife, or Teyde; its appearance is very remarkable.

October 23d. During the firing of yesterday, large sharks came round the vessels, which, they say, is often the case in these latitudes. This afternoon parted company from us, the Andrew, Hammond, bound for the Bermudas. We found our situation very troublesome among these islands, being so frequently becalmed: most accounts of these parts mention the same occurrence to be common.

25th. We had this day a man taken ill at the wheel, with the usual symptoms of fever.

On the 26th, we were very near running on shore in the morning; it was very thick and misty, and the land was mistaken for a fog-bank, until the breakers were heard very plain; we supposed ourselves to be near Cape Bojador. At noon, we were in lat. 25° 47′ N. long 16° 9′ W.

November the 2d. We got soundings in 140 fathoms, Lat. 21° 13′ N. long. 19° 14′ W.

November 2d. Cape Blanco bore E. by S. ¾ S. distant 131 miles.

November 3d. Mustered the ship's company at quarters, and read the articles of war to them; as is customary at least once a month. A great number of flying fish were seen flying around us.

November 4th. Read the articles of war to the ships company, and the captain cautioned them on the preservation of their health. We at length made Cape Verd, passed the large Bird's Island, and dropt anchor before the town of Goree.

G O R E E.

Before anchoring we sent the cutter with our sub-lieutenant on shore, with a flag of truce, for fear the French might have possession of the island. Saw our convoy lying in the roads. The boat returned with compliments from the governor, and that he would be glad to see the captain on shore. Goree is almost a barren rock: the inhabitants get nearly all the provisions from the Main-land. The governor's name is Lloyd. He has established some good regulations among them. By cutting their dollars into four parts, he keeps the specie on the island, which before was always drained from it. Nor will he allow bodies to be buried there for fear of infection, but has them sent over to the Main, where they are generally dug up, and devoured by the tigers and other wild beasts. The lady of the captain of the African regiment told a pathetic tale of the loss of two of her children, whose corpses they were obliged to smuggle into the fort. The riches of the inhabitants consist of slaves, each house having a slave yard, with huts for them; among the female slaves are many elegant figures, and some of the mulatto women are real beauties. Most Europeans form temporary attachments when they come to this island; and

and so very chaste are the women that none have ever been known to attempt other connexions, while they think their husband survives, even though he may have left the island. The slaves of both sexes are naked, except the piece of cloth which passes round the loins. The females do all the drudgery, such as beating corn, &c. with their children at their backs: this operation is performed in a wooden mortar, with a large pestle; and to shew their agility, the women clap their hands while it flies upwards. There are continual importations of slaves from the Main-land.

About 190 of the African rifle-corps are stationed here, the remains of a body, the rest of which have fallen a prey to the climate; among them are some fine-looking men. An anecdote was told me of a person of rank on the island, which is deserving of notice, as it shews how far human nature may be degraded, when we are deprived of our finer feelings. The governor had a good horse, which this gentleman remarking, said with great *sang-froid*, "It was worth four slaves," and offered to purchase it at that price.

It was now a most healthy season, the commencement of their winter. We frequently sent the boat to the Main-land, which always returned with plenty of excellent fish of various kinds. Our people were obliged to use the utmost caution for fear of the sharks, which are of a large size, and swarm round the island; I have seen them from eight to ten feet long. Natives of the Main come over to Goree, with all kinds of provisions, in a small canoe, sharp at each end and flat bottomed, but raised in the fore part. Some have one sail, others two, which are cut in what the sailors call shoulder of mutton fashion: the canoe is a solid body of a tree hollowed out, and simple as it is, they sail very fast, and the owners steer them in a wonderful manner with their paddles; but by no temptation would they be attracted near us.

The inhabitants of Goree are not jet black, but a mixture. There are about 300 vessels continually trading up the river Gambia for slaves, which, from the best authenticated accounts, are procured in the following manner: if a prince wants a commodity of any kind, and it requires more than he is worth to pay for it, he destroys a village, seizes its poor inhabitants, and sells them: they weep bitterly at first, but are soon reconciled to their unfortunate situation. Their principal chief is the prince of Marabou; his subjects are jet black. The small town which the kings of Marabou reside in, is surrounded with a mean wall: they have an idea that this wall is a charm, or as they term is, a *griggery* or *grisgris;* and they think that should any enemies presume to come over it, the houses themselves would fall and destroy them. A neighbouring prince offered to the governor of Goree a hundred slaves, if he would permit

our African soldiers to storm it first; however, one of the enemy contrived to get over, and stabbed one of the king's sons.

On this coast, it frequently happens that a large tree in a town becomes *grispris;* and some princes who are under a *fittish* will not go on board a ship, or on an island, from an idea that they will sink immediately on setting their foot on it, while others suppose they will die if they see salt water. They are in general covered with such charms: among the Jolofs, Mandingos, &c. who are Mahometans, they consist of pieces of the Alcoran, covered with leather, or some other relic; nor do they suppose they ever can err, but attribute every thing to the ill conduct of those who have offended them.

There is a law in Goree, that if any man murders a slave, he shall buy another to make good the owner's loss.

At the moment of my writing this, (the 10th of November) it is so very sickly on the river, that a slave-ship has sent in word, they have lost all hands.

Bird's Island is larger than Goree, and produces a quantity of cotton, wild; but no water is to be got there. There is one small bay, the entrance to which might be easier defended than Goree, and the whole of it might be made a garden. One person from Goree built a house on it, being discontented with his former situation; but he left it for want of water.

On the 11th, Mr. Guy and myself went on shore; a shot was fired over the town from a battery on the hill, which is an annual custom, importing that the healthy season had commenced. If this custom had been neglected, it would have given rise to unpleasant conjectures, as the inhabitants, as may be supposed from what has been said, are very superstitious. In the evening a ball was given, at which there was certainly a numerous and beautiful assemblage. We were also at a wedding; the bride, a beautiful black girl, was introduced to us; she was veiled, and had a profusion of gold ornaments about her; consisting of bracelets, rings, necklaces, &c. We were led to it by the sound of a drum, and the clapping of hands; the company formed a ring; and each woman by turns got into the middle, and danced; they made the most hideous contortions of their features and limbs, after which they joined in the circle. The next day they go in procession round the streets; the bride supported by one of her friends, and the rest at intervals dancing round her, singing, &c. this continues for some days, and even the governor could not be excused from attending, the custom is so established. If any officer or settler, of respectability, wants a wife, he must court the girl a month, and then give what they call a great dinner, inviting all her relations, and keeping open house for some days; this, of course, is extremely expensive, as it costs seldom less than two hundred pounds. At the weddings of the poorer classes, each

one

one of the company gives a piece of money; I met my washer-woman going to one with a dollar for that purpose.

The second remove, or mixture of a mulatto with a white, produces children nearly of a white cast, or as they are called by Europeans, *misters*. I do not think the mulattoes, in general, so handsome as the blacks.

November 12th.—The prince of Marabou this day paid us a visit, and the captain presented him with an old cocked hat, of which he was very proud—his brother Alexander, a general, accompanied him. We found he owed the island fifty slaves, and was on the point of commencing a war for the express purpose of liquidating the debt.

This is the only place at which I heard of going to war for slaves, and I am apt to think there is some mistake, as he was a merchant, and more likely to purchase than otherwise. He brought a milch-goat with him to sell, and kid, but as the lady for whom it was intended was on shore, he would not leave it, but took it into the boat with him. I have given him a drawing of him, exactly as he was dressed. His brother was a strong athletic man, had a fine open countenance, which bespoke urbanity of manners; in short, we were all fond of Alexander; he was almost covered with *grisgris;* his worsted blue cap, with red hoops, had a most ludicrous appearance.

There are several ostriches kept on this island; the governor frequently hunts them on the parade with dogs. As soon as the bird is produced he begins dancing, and at last sets off, leaving the dogs far behind; he goes regularly to the bottom of the parade, and up again, setting the dogs at defiance, whom he easily out-runs with the help of his wings; nor can they catch him.

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 24.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING drawn my own profile, in Indian ink, for a particular friend, I forwarded it with the following sonnet; which you will oblige me, by inserting in your Letter-Box.

Would'st thou, my friend, the slave of *sorrow* see?
The chearless victim of despairing love?
Seek not the mazes of the cypress-grove,
But trace the sad similitude in *me*.

Myself, the artist—inexpert at best!
How wilt thou e'er the slightest semblance find?

Unless in this dark shadow is express'd
The darker gloom that subjugates my mind.

These Indian shades—tho' deep as tenfold night,
The lapse of time will gradually destroy.
Not so—the cloud, that from my anxious sight,
Hides the bright sunshine of celestial joy.

That cloud—alas! will be dissolv'd no more,
'Till death conducts me to a happier shore.

X.

To Mr. Langdon.

I Hope, Sir, for the honour of "British *humanity*," you will not refuse to give the following circumstance a place in your Letter-Box. It is a paraphrastic account of the last year's conclusion of "the K. fox-hunting." The original paragraph appeared in an evening paper (January 11th,) and I was so highly *charmed* on the perusal of it, that I could not resist the temptation of giving it a new dress for the gratification of all genuine admirers of *sporting*. It begins with the truly interesting information "that the hounds closed the sport of last year in very good style, notwithstanding the sky was stormy, and the day far advanced before they found the fox." Poor, hapless Reynard, however, about a quarter past two, was driven from his cover, in view of the whole field, and close to the mouths of the voracious hounds. A vocal and instrumental concert instantly commenced, to which the war-whoop of the barbarian would be melody itself. The wretched *cause* of all this uproar (unaccustomed, possibly, to such sweet strains of *human* music) darted forward with incredible swiftness, intending to try the earth; but, alas! the clamourous pack were too near him to admit of an attempt; onward, therefore, he rushed —sometimes panting up the arduous steep—and at others, winding through the intricate paths of the valley, where the vociferation of his eager pursuers awakened a thousand terrifying echoes. Again, and again, he endeavoured to seek a refuge in his accustomed holes—but in vain! they had been previously secured.

But now for another delicious slice of the original narration, by way of elucidating the subject. "The hounds now went away with a *good head* (and the gentlemen with *equally good* ones, of course) across Newberry, Petwood, and Skuddington, into Mr. Lake's chesnut plantation. Here we all looked very dismal *(poor souls!!)*, lest he should go to ground in the rabbit burrows." Bless me, Sir, what a melancholy event this would have been!! Had this wretched animal escaped from the laceration

ration of his unpitying murderers, no one knows what would be the consequence. But, happily for the gratification of the gentlemen's sensibility, this calamity was *providentially* averted; Master Reynard, in order to terminate their "dismal looks," went gallantly across the open country, to Barling's wood. Here, again, the whole of the galloping musicians were thrown into fresh consternation, fearing he was running for Tenham Great Earth, which was open. But fortune still favoured them, and the whipper-in cut off Reynard's retreat. After this follows a long enumeration of woods, vallies, hills, moors, farms, seats, &c. &c. through or near which the fox bent his course; but, unfortunately for people unskilled in geography, the editor has neglected to accommodate his readers with a map of the "seat of war;" an omission quite unpardonable in the present state of refinement, and which tends, in a great degree, to lessen the interest of the narrative.—After some very philosophical remarks on the subject, we are informed, that the poor animal, faint and exhausted, was stopped by a gentle-hearted countryman, who, with unexampled tenderness, committed it to the fury of the still more gentle-hearted hounds!! Shouts of triumph rent the air, and the whole congregation of brutes (both bipeds and quadrupeds) exulted in the termination of their glorious victory; whilst, from the sides of the jaded horses, trickled many a sanguine test of their master's humanity! Thus ended the "K. fox-hunting" for the year 1807—much to the credit of that county, in particular, as well as to the honour of the kingdom in general!

"But are not foxes mischievous? Don't they destroy our fowls? And do they not—" Hold, Gentlemen, if you please! I have a fable for you, ready cut and dried.

Tyrants, that wield an iron rod,
(Whilst nations tremble at their nod,)
Need but a very slight pretence
To vent their rage on innocence.
—Where the clear waters of a fountain
Ran murmuring down a rocky mountain,
Induc'd by summer's sultry weather,
A wolf and lambkin met together:
The wolf had scaled the mountain's brow;
The little lambkin drank below.
—"Rascal (exclaim'd the fiend of slaughter)
How dare you thus disturb the water?
How dare you thus, with impious feet,
Stir up the mud, and foul the leat?"
"Bless me! (the simple lamb replied,
As, trembling, he the monster ey'd,)

Should I, good Sir, by chance pollute
The water at the mountain's foot,
The mud (eluding soon the view)
Flows *down* from *me*—not *up* to *you*."
" A fig for that, (the tyrant swore)
I know you as a rogue of yore;
Some six months since (nay, don't deny!)
You utter'd many a wilful lie,
Much to my honour's degradation."
The innocent—all palpitation—
Assur'd him it could not be so—
" He was not *born* six months ago."
" Not born! you wretch! it matters not;
Your *father*, then, was in the plot."
Thus venting vengeance on their fleeces,
He tore the pretty lamb in pieces.

Before I conclude, I beg leave to drop a hint to government, for which the nation at large ought to be very thankful; particularly as in this age of warfare, every artifice (however trivial) that advances us in the paths of victory, tends to the gradual humiliation and discomfiture of our enemies. It is a well-known fact that *terror*, in many instances, operates more forcibly than *steel*. Now, I should like to be informed, what more terrific spectacle could be presented to an approaching army, than a *posse comitatus* of fox-hunters at full speed?—" A word to the wise."—Our ministers, I trust, are not asleep! on the contrary, I hope very soon to hear, in addition to our present military establishment, of " The loyal fox-hunters—or, true *British Cossacks*."

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

X. A MAN OF FEELING.

P. S. I shall just add, that the contents of this letter are equally applicable to every description of sportsmen, whatever—to whom, I beg submission to dedicate my sentiments, with the most profound humility and veneration !!

Biographical Sketch of the late Marquis Townshend.

FIELD-MARSHAL George Townshend, Marquis Townshend, of Rainham, in the county of Norfolk, was born on the 28th of February, 1724, O. S. He was the eldest son of Charles, late Lord Viscount Townshend, by a Hertfordshire heiress, Miss Audrey Harrison, daughter of Edward Harrison, esq. of Balls.

Lord

Lord Townshend, at an early period, betook himself to the profession of arms; and there are few men of the present day who have seen a greater variety of service. Connected with the first whig families in this kingdom, and being a youth of talents and enterprise, there is but little wonder that his military career should have been at once brilliant and rapid.

It was previously, however, and wisely determined that he should enjoy the advantages resulting from a good education; and he and his brother Charles* were accordingly placed under the tuition of Mr. Lowe, formerly master of Litchfield school, a seminary which has received additional celebrity by affording the rudiments of education to Dr. Johnson.

Lord Townshend, early in life, entered into the guards, having obtained a commission immediately on finishing his education, and at a period when he did not exceed eighteen years of age. Great Britain happened then to be at war with France, and a fair prospect therefore presented itself of combining theory with practice, and acquiring both knowledge and preferment. George II. a warlike sovereign, commanded in person against the enemy on the continent, and the Hon. Mr. Townshend had an opportunity of making a campaign under the eye of that monarch. He served with the rank of a subaltern at the memorable battle of Dettingen, where the duke of Cumberland commanded the English, and the marshal de Noailles the French army; but he soon after procured the rank of captain in the first regiment of foot guards, which, of course, gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army.

It appears, however, that Colonel Townshend's advancement did not seem sufficiently rapid for the gratification of his ambition, and that he retired at the close of the campaign. His merits and pretensions, however, like his interest, must have been very high in the public estimation.

Having now in some measure resigned all idea of a military life, the views of Mr. Townshend were directed towards another channel, no less favourable to the expectations he had formed of advancement in the state; and as his family possessed large property and considerable influence in Norfolk, he became a candidate to represent that county in parliament at the general election of 1747, and was returned accordingly.

No sooner had he obtained his seat than he began to profess those principles of *whiggism* which he had imbibed in his early youth, and which it had ever been the pride of his family to cultivate and support. Nor did he now forget to resist those petty abuses which he had witnessed while in the army. He had beheld the halbert snatched from the veteran serjeant, and

* It was Charles, whose character Burke drew in such admirable language.

the well-earned knot torn from the shoulders of the deserving corporal, at the arbitrary will and caprice of a superior officer; and in one memorable instance he had seen government itself stoop to, the baseness and injustice of wresting a pair of colours from the hands of a young cornet, (Mr. Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham) calculated by nature to preside in the councils of his country, and fated soon after to wield her thunders with irresistible success against the ambitious house of Bourbon.

With such instances as these, fresh in his recollection, we need not be surprised that, on the third reading of the mutiny bill, in 1749, Colonel Townshend distinguished himself by his humanity; and towards the conclusion of a very able speech, moved to add the following clause, "that no non-commissioned officer should be liable to be broken without the sentence of a court-martial.

On this occasion Mr. Townshend found many supporters; but he was opposed also by men of rank and talents, and even by Mr. Pitt himself.

Mr. Townshend now thought of settling in life, and an honourable and advantageous alliance was soon found for him, in the person of Charlotte, baroness de Ferrars of Chartly, only daughter of James Compton, earl of Northampton, by Lady Elizabeth, baroness de Ferrars. In this lady, to whom he became united in February, 1751, was concentrated the ancient baronies of De Ferrars, Chartley, Bourchier, Louvain, Basset, and Compton, all baronies in fee; and in consequence of this match, he obtained a very considerable accession to his fortune. Mr. Townshend was again returned for the county of Norfolk, at the general election in 1754.

Although Mr. Townshend appeared to have abandoned the profession of arms for ever, yet he was still so far influenced by his favourite pursuits that he constantly spoke whenever any military topics were brought before the house. A measure of this kind, big and important in its consequences, was agitated in the year 1756, in which he took a decided part. This was the famous system of a national militia. Mr. Townshend was one of the most strenuous supporters of this measure, and used his utmost exertions to render it effectual. At length, after being agitated for more than a twelvemonth, and recommended by a speech from the throne, the bill was carried, but not without many warm debates, and many alterations. Mr. Townshend acquired no small share of honour and popularity by the active part which he took in this measure.

So great, indeed, was his reputation, that in 1756, when a war with France appeared inevitable, he not only obtained the restoration of his former rank, but, on the 6th of June, had the command of the 64th regiment conferred upon him.

In

In the memorable expedition against Quebec, under the immortal Wolfe, Colonel Townshend was selected as third in command, and obtained the rank of brigadier-general, with an express stipulation, however, on his part, that he should return at the end of the campaign. Accordingly, he sailed with the squadron, destined for that attack, about the middle of February, 1759. The honour he obtained in this business was great: in the course of the action the command devolved upon him, in consequence of the death of Wolfe, and General Monckton being dangerously wounded. On this he instantly repaired to the centre in order to take upon himself the direction of the troops, and finding them disordered, in consequence of the pursuit which had taken place, he formed them again with all possible expedition.

On the particulars of this campaign, or its successful termination, it will not be necessary to dwell: suffice it to observe, that Quebec being reduced, together with a great portion of the adjacent country, and the inhabitants on all sides having come in and sworn allegiance to the English government, Brigadier General Townshend, who had accepted his commission on the express stipulation that he should return to England at the end of the campaign, now prepared for his departure. Previously to this, however, he took the most effectual measures for securing his conquests, and left a strong garrison at Quebec, consisting of 5000 effective men; and immediately after this he embarked with Admiral Saunders, and arrived in England at the beginning of the winter of 1760.

About a month after the siege of Quebec, and during his absence in America, Brigadier-General Townshend obtained an old regiment (the 28th), in exchange for the young one (the 64th), which he had before commanded; a circumstance which must have been equally gratifying and advantageous to a professional man, as it continued him on the establishment in time of peace.

In 1761, we find him serving in Germany, when he was raised to the rank of major-general; as there were many superior officers, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself by any separate command; he returned to England therefore to attend his parliamentary duties, and about this time was chosen a third time to represent the county of Norfolk.

Soon after this, the dominions of our ally, the king of Portugal, being menaced by the enemy, a considerable body of British troops was embarked for the protection of that kingdom. Major-General Townshend was selected on this occasion as a proper officer to command the British; but having obtained no opportunity of distinguishing himself, he returned home, not, however, without many marks of respect from the

king of Portugal, and among others, a valuable diamond ring, which was given to him with the king's own hand.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes relating to the Person and Character of Rhodolph, the great Founder of the House of Austria.

By the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe.

RHODOLPH was above the ordinary stature, being nearly seven feet in height, but extremely slender; his head was small and almost bald, his complexion pale, his nose large and aquiline. His natural aspect was grave and composed; but he no sooner began to speak than his countenance brightened into animation. His manners were so captivating, that he possessed the art of persuasion in so eminent a degree, that, to use the expression of Dornavius, one of his panegyrics, "he fascinated persons of all ranks, as if with a love potion." He was plain, unaffected, and simple in his dress; and was accustomed to say, that he considered the majesty of a sovereign as consisting rather in princely virtues than in magnificence of apparel.

Being engaged in hunting, he met between Fahr and Baden, a priest on foot, carrying the host to a sick person; and as the road was extremely dirty, and the torrents swollen with rain, he alighted, and gave his horse to the priest, saying, it ill became him to ride, while the bearer of Christ's body walked on foot; at the same time he expressed his gratitude and veneration to the supreme being, who had raised him from the huts of his ancestors, to the throne of the empire.

After he was emperor, being at Mentz in the midst of his officers, he saw Muller, the citizen of Zurich, who had valiantly rescued him in the battle against the count of Regensberg. He instantly rose up to meet him, received him with the warmest demonstrations of friendship and regard, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Being asked why he lavished such favours on a person of no rank, he replied, "When I was count of Hapsburgh, and fell into the hands of my enemies, this man rescued me, and mounted me on his own horse; and by his assistance I was delivered from almost inevitable destruction. It is my duty, therefore, to pay him every mark of distinction in my power, to whom, next to God, I owe the preservation of my life."

He was by nature warm and choleric, but as he advanced in years he corrected this defect. Some of his friends expressing their wonder that since his elevation to the imperial dignity he had

had restrained the vehemence of his temper, he replied, " I have often repented of being passionate, but never of being mild and humane." His heart was neither steeled nor corrupted by power, and the goodness of his disposition rose superior to the paltry consideration of his own private interest. To the tax-gatherers he said, " The cry of distress has reached my ears; you compel travellers to pay duties which they ought not to pay, and to bear burthens which they cannot support. Do not unjustly seize what belongs to others; but take only your due. It is my duty to employ vigilance, and to promote justice and tranquillity, which I consider as the greatest blessings under Heaven." He was also easy of access, even to persons of the lowest condition. To his soldiers, who endeavoured to prevent the approach of some poor men, he observed, " For God's sake, let them alone, I was not elected emperor to be secluded from mankind."

He seems to have been no less distinguished for playful wit and pleasantry. Being at Mentz in 1288, he walked out early in the morning, dressed as usual in the plainest manner, and as the weather was cold, entered a baker's shop to warm himself. The mistress, unacquainted with his person, peevishly exclaimed, " Soldiers ought not to come into poor women's houses." " Do not be angry, good woman, (returned the king of the Romans, with great complacency) I am an old soldier, who have spent all my fortune in the service of that rascal Rhodolph, and he suffers me to want, notwithstanding all his fine promises." " As you serve (rejoined the woman) that fellow, who has laid waste the whole earth, and devoured the poor, you have deservedly incurred all your misfortunes." She then virulently abused the king of the Romans, adding, with great bitterness, that she, and all the bakers in the town, except two, were ruined by his means; and compelled him to depart, by throwing a pail of water on the fire, which filled the room with smoke and vapour. Rhodolph, on sitting down to dinner, ordered the hostess to convey a boar's head and a bottle of wine to her neighbour, the baker's wife, as a present from the old soldier who had warmed himself in the morning by her fire, and then related the anecdote with much humour. When thus apprized of her mistake, the woman was greatly terrified, and approaching the table, entreated forgiveness in the most suppliant manner. Rhodolph consented, on condition that she would repeat her abusive expressions, with which the woman faithfully complied, to the amusement and laughter of all who were present.

Description

Description of Syracuse, in its ancient State.

THE great and rich city of Syracuse stood on a headland, projecting, in the form of a triangle, from the eastern coast of Sicily. The base advanced into the sea, which flowed a considerable way up the sides. These sides extended westward over the craggy eminences Epipolæ, gradually approaching each other until they finally united in the rock Euryalus, forming the vertex of the triangle. Disposed in a shape similar to that of the island of which it was the capital, Syracuse measured eighteen miles in circuit, and contained five divisions, deserving each of them the name of city, in point of strength as well as magnitude. The largest division, called Acradina, formed the basis of the triangle, its outward wall washed by the sea. The little island Ortygia lay before the southern extremity of Acradina, forming with it two harbours, one on either side of the island; the two next divisions, the more northern called Tycha, and the southern Neapolis, bordered on Acradina, only separated from it by walls. The last, and most inland division consisted of the craggy eminences Epipolæ; a quarter taken within the city for the sake chiefly of security, with the rock Euryalus, above-mentioned, towering at its extremity, and frowning in defiance over the circumjacent country.

In the space of five days, Appius, with incredible diligence, had provided whatever seemed necessary for the siege by land; but the first memorable attack appears to have been made by Marcellus against Acradina with a fleet of 60 quinqueremes. Not trusting to the stones and javelins thrown from single vessels for clearing the enemy's walls, he joined two quinqueremes together, by their respective sides, and covered them with a strong floor of wood. On this floor he applied a huge ladder, provided on either side with balustrades, and having at one end a firm stage encompassed with parapets. As this double quinquereme approached the walls, the ladder was raised aloft, and propped as it rose by beams of various lengths; so that the soldiers might safely mount it, and having reached the stage at top, drive the enemy from their battlements. This machine received the name of sackbut, because it nearly resembled in shape this triangular harp; the swelling base of the instrument being represented by the joint quinqueremes; its sides and strings respectively, by the sloping ladder, and the various props by which it was supported.

Now an opportunity first offered to Archimedes, for displaying, in all its powers, the wonderful machinery which, at the desire of King Hieron, he had erected. His philosophical mind, if insensible to personal glory, was not to that of his art. Syracuse, indeed, had fallen into bad hands; but he would

would still exert his abilities in defence of his country. Perhaps he was duped by the artifices through which Epicydes and Hippocrates had irritated the public mind against the Romans; a geometer is not the best judge in matters depending on moral evidence. But whatever motive determined him, glory, patriotism, the delusions, or even the threats of the unworthy usurpers of Syracuse, it is certain that his abilities long retarded, and might, but for events against which the utmost skill in defence could not avail, have ultimately defeated the operations against that unfortunate city. He had engines fitted to all distances: the hostile armament was battered while yet a furlong from the walls, and when the enemy waited darkness to make his approaches more safely, huge beaks projecting beyond the battlements, at the slightest touch of a cord, precipitated masses of stone and metal, weighing, many of them, ten talents. By such means, the sackbuts, four in number, were broke in pieces, while any single vessels, that ventured to come near, were grappled by iron hands, and on the quarter seized, being raised to a fit height, suddenly replunged in the sea with destructive violence. Appius was not more successful in his assaults by land, than Marcellus in those by sea.

The siege of Syracuse was therefore converted into a blockade, under the pretor, while the consul, with one third of the army, marched to quell insurrection in other parts of the island. He was opposed by 20,000 men, under Himilco, assisted by Hippocrates, who, while his brother Epicydes ably defended Syracuse, thought his own activity might be usefully employed in co-operating with the Carthaginian general. The flames of discord thus raged more widely: cities were taken, lost, and recovered; both parties were powerfully reinforced; and while other scenes of the war excited comparatively little interest, all men turned their eyes to the well sustained conflict in Sicily. Marcellus, having compelled his opponents to shut themselves up in Agrigentum, returned to assist Appius in the siege of Syracuse. His assaults were as unprosperous as before; and when, by means of Syracusan exiles, who had joined him, he gained a strong party within the city, the intrigues of those traitors were disconcerted by Epicydes, a traitor of far greater dexterity.

Sketch of a remarkable Object in Vienna, by M. Pezzl.

[From Pezzl's Sketches of Vienna in 1805.]

AT length Vienna is about to have a secular statue in the handsomest of its smaller squares, after the larger have

been for two centuries occupied by sacred groups, the intention of which was undoubtedly good, but which are incontestibly better adapted to churches than to public places.

The emperor Francis II. is erecting a monument worthy of his illustrious uncle. It will stand in the square which already bears his revered name. This work has been several years in preparation, and such progress has been made, that in about two more it will be completed.

The base for this monument has been placed in the centre of Joseph's-square. Three steps lead to the pedestal itself, which, as well as the steps, is of a grey granite, so hard that the sparks fly at every stroke of the chisel, and so finely polished that you may see your face in it. This stone is brought from a quarry close to the Danube, near Matthausen, in Upper Austria. The pedestal is an oblong square. On this is placed the equestrian statue of Joseph II. in a Roman costume, crowned with a laurel wreath, holding the bridle of the horse with his left hand, while the right is extended before him in the attitude of command. The whole is about thirty-six feet high from the ground; the horse and the statue about eighteen; both are of fine bronze. The statue was cast in 1801, and the horse in 1803; both are without a flaw or blemish, and the statue bears a striking resemblance to the original. Latin inscriptions are to be engraven on the front and back of the pedestal. The two sides will be decorated with basso relievos, likewise of bronze, the figures of which will be rather larger than life. They represent, by means of emblematical groups, the two greatest blessings conferred by Joseph on his states: the promotion of agriculture and of commerce.

At the four corners of the granite steps will be placed four columns, each of which will exhibit four representations in relievo of the medals struck during the reign of Joseph II. in commemoration of the most remarkable events of his time, and which will consequently present a chronological epitome of that period.

MAGNIFICENCE *of* STYLE.

MAGNIFICENCE of style, according to Theophrastus, is derived from three sources; choice of words, the happy arrangement of them, and the imagery which enlivens the whole. Isocrates chose well his words, but there is too much affectation in his arrangement; his figures are either too far-fetched, or discordant, or extravagant, so that he becomes cold and *mannered*; besides, in order the better to tune his style, and frame his periods with nicety, he makes use of inefficient words, and unnecessarily lengthens out his discourses.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

MUCH is to be learned, as to the dispositions of a people, from the mode of their social addresses. In the southern provinces of China, the common people ask, "Have you eaten your rice? for in this article consists their principal felicity. The Chinese have visiting cards, the colour and size of which are regulated agreeably to the rank and estimation of the person visited. When our embassy was in China, Lord Macartney received from the viceroy of Petchehe a crimson card that was large enough to have papered his bedchamber.

If two Dutchmen meet, in the morning, they wish each other a good appetite. In Cairo, the inhabitants ask, "How do you sweat?" since the want of perspiration is with them symptomatic of an approaching fever. The Italian, or the Spaniard, asks, "How does it stand?" A Frenchman enquires, "How do you carry yourself?" The German "How do you find yourself?" The Englishman, "How do you do?" In the three latter salutations we perceive the characteristic reference to—show, reflection, and activity. Frequently the Hollander asks, "How do you fare?"

PELICAN BIRD.

AN onocratulus, or pelican, was shot on Horsey fen, in Norfolk, on the 22d day of May, 1663, and which was stuffed. It was three yards and a half in the extent of its wings, and its chowl and beak answered its usual description. The extremities of the wings were of a deep brown colour, and the rest of the body was white. This was a fowl which no person could remember having before seen upon the coast. About the same time one of the king's pelicans was lost from the palace of St. James's. Perhaps this was the same.

Indeed there can be little doubt that this pelican was one who had escaped from its confinement, since these birds are seldom heard of as flying at large in any part of Europe.

SPECIMEN *of* ORTHOGRAPHY.

ANEY Parson enclind to pot in For a Salver uach and Savler Chain and Cai and seal at the prise LI. 5s. 0 to be Rafled for Octber the 3 if the Blanks is all filld up or the Sadrday after aney parson a Single Chance or as Manei as he Like in a pling to P—— H—— into the Bord in hand

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to R. Loosemore's Charade, inserted December 28.

SEE how the gambler, skill'd in every vice,
Draws in the giddy youth to cards and DICE;
Tries every wile in order to deceive him,
Then of his cash he instantly bereaves him.

☞ We have received similar answers from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; and Hester Easter, of Poole.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. Trood's Rebus, inserted December 21.

CONSTANTINOPLE you'll define,
If rightly you the parts combine.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. R. S. U. of Awliscombe; H. Easter, of Poole; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Henry Ellis, of Exeter; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; S. D. and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; Corporal Colley, of St. German's; H. Lucas, of Lyme; and W. Woon, of Grampound.

Answer, by J. Horsey, of Castle Cary Academy, to S. Paull's Charade, inserted December 28.

OF the vain PAGEANT, friends, beware,
To worm your soul it is a snare.

⁂ Similar answers have been also received from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; S. D. of South Petherton; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

A REBUS, *by J. Vellenoweth, near Helston.*

MY first's amongst Pomona's store;
A vowel will my next detect;
A foreign river pray explore;
And then a stately tree select;
A god of corn now call to mind,
As that will bring my last to view:
The initials, join'd aright, you'll find,
A tool I often use. Adieu!

A REBUS, *by Henry Ellis, of Exeter.*

YE bards, transpose my first with care,
And tell me of the bliss I share,
When I its sweet emotions feel;
Alluring next! what treach'rous wiles,
What fancied happiness beguiles,
Those who inform the world;
But hark the warriors take the field,
The weapons of destruction wield,
And deeply plunge the fatal steel;
Whilst the dread instruments of war,
Are with my whole drove from afar,
And in dread fury hurl'd.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The GRASHOPPER *and* ANT: *A* FABLE.

THE rev'lers and idlers are sowing for sorrow,
And they'll certainly reap it to day or to-morrow.

Stern winter had bound up the earth in his claws,
No herbage, no fruit, but a few hips and haws;
These last fed the birds; but their poor insect brethren,
Had nought to subsist on—all nature lay with'ring.

A grashopper, suff'ring not less than the rest,
Cold-pinch'd, hunger-bitten, perplex'd and distress'd,
Besought him to visit a neighbouring nest,
Where a colony dwelt, neither hungry nor poor,
For economy fam'd, and a large winter's store.

On ent'ring their miniature city he met
A pismire, quite ancient, parading the street,
With bonnet in hand, and a rueful grimace,
To him he applied, and thus groan'd out his case:
"Rev'rend Sir, let me hope you'll not think it improper,
To dispense from your stores to a dying grashopper;
For winter is come on me all unawares,
And in my lean face meagre mis'ry stares.
Not a morsel have I to amuse my poor jaws,
Not a bit of a seed can I grasp in my paws.
Then, Oh! as you've plenty, pray give me a little,
For my throat is so close I can't swallow my spittle."

"Good Mr. Grashopper, pray is it not strange,
That you who have had the whole summer to range,
Amid such profusion, could not have secur'd
Against winter's approach a small bit of a hoard?
Pray, rascal, so idle, how did you employ
Your time?"—"My glad heart was elated with joy;
So I whistled and chirp'd while provisions abounded,
And I sang such a song that the vallies resounded."

"If that be the case," says the hardhearted Turk,
"And you whistled and sung, without thinking of work;
Get you hence, inconsiderate, justly starv'd mummer,
Go—dance to the tune that you sung in the summer."

Ottery Barracks. JULIUS J. S.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LOVE

TRUE love will live an endless day,
And drop sweet favours in the way;
It seeks not wealth, but breathes desires
For hearts sincere, and constant fires.
Tho' gloomy paths direct the feet
Where sorrow finds a sad retreat:

Her

Her mournful sighs, and dark abode,
Shall ne'er the tender loves corrode.
Nor strength's rude arm, nor mightier power,
Shall blast the beauty of this flower:
Its life and charms elude the dart,
Secure within the lover's heart.

Plymouth. S. P. Jun.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

By H. K. White.

SWEET-scented flow'r! who'rt wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desart drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come fun'ral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desart gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep.

And hark the wind-god as he flies
Mourns hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flow'r! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lowly shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

*** The reader will regret to hear that this melancholy presentiment of approaching fate was realized, in the death of the author, before he was twenty-one years of age.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The K I S S.

HER form was fair, her manners soft,
Her beauty caught my ravish'd eye,
A glowing warmth o'erspread my heart,
And heav'd my bosom with a sigh.

She spoke; her accents sooth'd my soul,
And all my mind was wrapp'd in bliss;
Transported, I no longer sigh'd,
But own'd my passion in a—kiss.

Camborne. J. B.